evidence of this, is our immortal life and love through
eternity.

The test of true *Bhakti* is that the soul rejoices to be
alone with the Alone. The {{ Lord is my joy "
says *Bhakta,*
tc Because He is the Lord of my Soul. I have to be depen-
dent upon Him. His beauty enraptures me. His sanctity
enthrals me. His harmony evokes the latest harmony in
ray soul."

This absolute dependence on God is testified to in very
wonderful ways. When a fanatic threatened to kill Saint
Chaitanya with a sword and asked him to name his protector,
lie unhesitatingly answered 'Had'. That name was en-
shrined in his heart and dissolved in his blood. This is
true dependence. It is natural and inborn. Another homely
instance. There was- a little boy and in his simple heart
there arose the desire to note down every instance of kind-
ness received. On every page in which he recorded the day's
experiences, he would writ<? : " *A* did this kindness ; *B* showed
this sympathy; C was thus serviceable." He would, however,
place at the top of each page the simple words *et*
*Mamma*f> and tf *Papa*J) ; for he observed that they stood at
the.

head of every day—they pervaded the whole course of life
.during the day, and they entered into every act and enjoy-
ment of the day. It is the true spirit of *Bhakti* which, on the. living tablet of the heart with its ample record
of joys and sorrows, engraves at the top ' God the Parent.'
It is not an isolated act, a specific occurrence, but a pervading
sense, a permeating consciousness, an indwelling experience^
through all details of life. God is not merely the on-looker
but the Participator. The ideal of *Bhakti* is not to uphold
the exalted throne of God but to reach down the heart of'
God into the murk and mire of our sinful life and make;
the process of Divine Sanctification prevail even in us. God
will not only rectify and redeem but so transmute and